We tooke this Mattocke and this ſpade from him,
As he was comming from this Churchyard ſide.
Chiefe W. A great ſuſpicion, ſtay the Frier too.
Enter Prince.
Prin. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our mornings reſt?
Enter Capulet *and his Wife.*
Ca. What ſhould it be that they ſo ſhrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the ſtreet cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Prin. What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?
Watch. Soveraigne, here lyes the County *Paris* ſlaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,
Warme and new kill'd.
Prin. Search, ſeeke, and know how this foule murder comes.
Watch. Here is a Frier, and ſlaughtred *Romeo's* man,
With inſtruments upon them fit to open
Theſe dead mens tombes.
Cap. O heaven! O wife! looke how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'ne, for lo his houſe
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is miſheathed in my daughters boſome.
Wi. O me, this ſight of death is as a Bell,
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To ſee thy ſonne and heire now early downe.
Moun. Alas my Liege, my wife is dead to night,
Grieſe of my ſonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath;
What further woe conſpires againſt my age?
Prin. Looke and thou ſhalt ſee.
Mou. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To preſſe before thy father to a grave?
Pri. Seale up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SC